

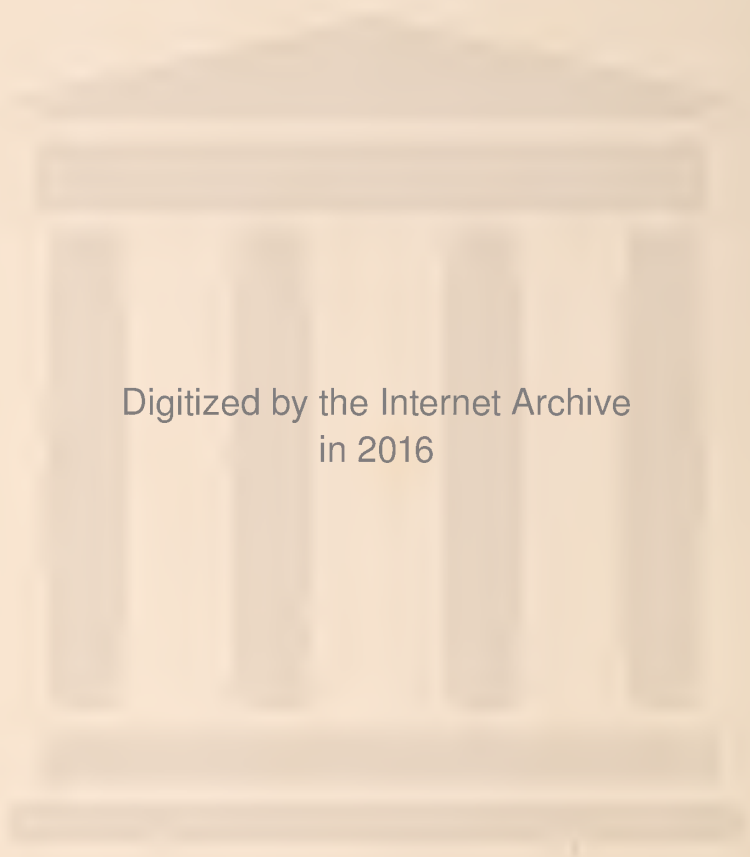
Southside  
Echoes  
'08



Sam B. Land

Rt. 1, Box ~~32~~ *148*

South Hill, VA 23970



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/southsideechoes1908nort>

# SOUTHSIDE ECHOES

By Class of 1908  
North View High School  
North View, Va.



Published by Authority of the  
Board of Trustees, Buckhorn District  
Mecklenburg County, Va.  
1908

WHITTET & SHEPPERSON, PRINTERS,  
RICHMOND, VA.





Yours Truly,  
S. L. Graham



TO  
**Our Beloved Superintendent,**  
WHO HAS SERVED HIS STATE BOTH IN THE GLORIES OF WAR  
AND IN THE ARTS OF PEACE,  
WHO IS NOW DEVOTING HIS BEST ENERGIES TO THE  
ADVANCEMENT AND BETTERMENT OF THE  
SCHOOLS OF MECKLENBURG COUNTY  
THIS VOLUME  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED AS A TRIBUTE  
OF ESTEEM AND AFFECTION.



# Table of Contents

---

	PAGE.
DEDICATION . . . . .	3
PREFACE . . . . .	7
MECKLENBURG COUNTY SCHOOLS . . . . .	9
HISTORY OF THE N. V. H. S. . . . .	12
CLASS OF 1908 . . . . .	14
CLASS HISTORY . . . . .	15
PROPHECY . . . . .	18
CLASS ODE . . . . .	21
CLASS OF 1909 . . . . .	22
CLASS OF 1910 . . . . .	23
CLASS OF 1911 . . . . .	24
CLASS STATISTICS, 1908 . . . . .	25
WHERE THE SHOE FITS . . . . .	26
OUR PRINCIPAL . . . . .	27
A TOAST . . . . .	28
A DISAPPOINTED GIRL (Story) . . . . .	29
JOYS OF THE SOUTHLAND (Essay) . . . . .	32
NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM (Essay) . . . . .	37
EDGAR ALLAN POE (Essay) . . . . .	41
SCHOOL OFFICIALS . . . . .	47
SENIOR RICHMOND TRIP . . . . .	48
EXTRACTS FROM A SCHOOL DIARY . . . . .	50
THEATRICALS . . . . .	52
CHEMISTRY . . . . .	53
A GIRL'S SLANG . . . . .	55
THEY COME AND GO . . . . .	56

# TABLE OF CONTENTS—*Continued.*

	PAGE.
"AUNT" SELINA . . . . .	57
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT '08 . . . . .	59
JAMQUE VALE . . . . .	61

## Illustrations

S. L. GRAHAM, Division Superintendent . . . . .	Opp. 3
PUPILS AND TEACHERS OF N. V. H. S. . . . .	" 9
CLASS OF 1908 . . . . .	" 21
CLASS OF 1909 . . . . .	" 22
CLASS OF 1910 . . . . .	" 23
CLASS OF 1911 . . . . .	" 24
GRAMMAR SCHOOL GRADES . . . . .	" 25
W. N. WILLIS, Principal . . . . .	" 27
HIGH SCHOOL ASSISTANTS . . . . .	" 28
PRIMARY GRADES . . . . .	" 29
NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM (Drawing) . . . . .	36
BOARD OF TRUSTEES, BUCKHORN DISTRICT . . . . .	" 46
JAS. S. THOMAS, State School Inspector . . . . .	" 47
"AUNT" SELINA AT THE SPRING . . . . .	" 57
ANATOMY OF BOY'S HEAD (Drawing) . . . . .	58

## Preface

With mingled feelings of pride and humility we present to the public this modest volume. We are proud because of our being the first class to be graduated from the North View High School; we are humble in thinking of our deficiencies and lack of numbers and aspirations unattained. We commend this book to the earnest consideration of those who believe in and are helpers in the welfare and glory of our school. Read with enjoyment what is of interest to you, and let the mantle of charity cover the rest.

One word more as to the name of this volume! We thought long and hard to find a fitting name. Several were suggested. Finally we thought of our own section of the State, how it is regarded and affectionately called the Southside. Coming from the heart of the beloved Southside, we have chosen to call this volume, "SOUTHSIDE ECHOES." Long may the echo resound, and repeat glad tidings from this section of dear old Virginia, to which we are so strongly attached.

We would recommend to our successors to think kindly of the name and that their class annuals shall continue to be called "SOUTHSIDE ECHOES." May each year see its appearance in new form.

CLASS OF 1908.







PUPILS AND TEACHERS, NORTH VIEW HIGH SCHOOL



## Mecklenburg County Schools

---

Virginia has always been proud of her schools. Her sons have gone forth to shine in the world, proud of the fact that they were educated in the Old Dominion. It was in the private school, academy, college and university that the best culture was disseminated. The public schools were ill thought of, at best, because they failed to reach even near the ideal of what a Virginian wished for his sons and daughters. They were educated in private schools and colleges. Soon all this was to change, for the great civil conflict was at hand. The little, despised log cabin schools were to be no longer sneered at and ridiculed.

The scene changed. It was April, 1865. The noble Lee had laid down his arms at Appomattox and had lovingly advised his devoted followers to turn their faces homeward, and with cheerful hearts, if possible, to begin life anew. Sadly and reluctantly they loyally obeyed this last request of their old commander. They returned to their homes, many to find them ruthlessly destroyed, and, even at best, if not destroyed, only a shadow of what they had been. In the downfall, schools went down. Reconstruction days came on, and then negro domination. Education was under a cloud and it seemed that children must get all their education at their mother's knee.

Reconstruction days finally came to an end. Then the Virginian took renewed hope in building up his fortunes. Thus it was in Mecklenburg County. Attention began to be paid to the public schools. But with the passing of reconstruction days, debts came. Taxes would scarce serve to meet them. Consequently schools suffered. Teachers were given a mere pittance,—'twas all that could be afforded them. Those best

qualified to teach usually sought other employment. The schools of the country were crude, in every sense of the word, but the people turned to the public school.

Picture to yourself the Mecklenburg school of twenty-five or thirty years ago. In a little clearing in the edge of the woods we see a rude log cabin, and a rough stone chimney at the end. The floor was mother earth. A few rude benches were placed around. The teacher, in accordance with standard of the day, taught thoroughly the elements,—the three R's as we would now call it. School was kept only a few months during the fall and winter. Thus many of our sturdy Virginians received the foundations of their education, to which they have added, and become educated self-made men.

All felt the need of better public schools in Virginia. Mecklenburg's citizens longed and groped for the light. Every one worked diligently for the betterment of the schools. Sometimes it was in sunshine and sometimes in shadow, but the work went on. Men with stern hearts kept their faces to the front. Efforts were made constantly to advance, but it was uphill work, because of the lasting ravages of the war in a financial way.

Thus things went on. Improvement was made, but it was slow. It took men with stout hearts to take a long look ahead in educational matters. But, lo, the light finally broke over the hills. The people of Virginia called a Constitutional Convention in 1902. It opened the door for higher education, and the hope for the future made us all alive. The Convention provided for high school work. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Mecklenburg County tried to be in the vanguard.

The first steps toward a high school were made at North View. The course was raised year by year until we are proud to say it has reached its culmination in 1908, and North View High School offers the first class which has completed the

four years high school course as laid down by the State Board of Education, and are thus the first high school graduates in Southside Virginia (excepting the cities). Other Mecklenburg schools are following closely and will be soon graduating classes, too. We congratulate North View High School, just because she is the first to reach this point. With increased appropriations, and renewed interest, we hope to see the work go on, and that the future of the school may grow brighter and brighter! It has our best wishes!

S. L. GRAHAM.

# History of the North View High School

---

[The following article was written by special request. The author, Mr. Petty, was a member of the Board of Trustees at the time of the inception of the N. V. H. S., and was most energetically active in having the standard of the school raised. Much of his time and energy has been given for its welfare. Though now only a patron, still the school is an idol of his heart, and an object of his fond devotion.—*Class of 1908.*]

In the year 1903, the Buckhorn School Board, realizing the necessity of having a larger building for the accommodation



H. L. PETTY

of the large number of scholars near North View, erected the present building. About this time the State Board of Education came forward with a plan for higher education in the county schools. The Buckhorn School Board, being in accord with this plan and desirous of promoting the cause of education, went to work with a view of giving to Buckhorn children the advantage of an education practically without extra cost. The first year only two teachers were employed, one as prin-

cipal, who taught the grammar grades, the other taking charge of primary grades. The school increased to such an extent the second year, it became necessary to employ three teachers. Then it was that the school was graded according to directions of the State Board. The principal took charge of high school branches, leaving the other grades to the first and the second assistants. This school has been doing full high school work for four years, with its first high school graduates this year.

This school (high school grades) was taught the first two years by Miss Helen Johnson, full graduate of B. F. I., Blackstone, Va.; the third year by Prof. H. M. Tardy, A. B., of Washington and Lee University, Lexington Va., as principal; the fourth year by Prof. W. N. Willis, A. B. and A. M., of Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md., as principal. We feel specially proud of this school, it being the first county high school in Southside Virginia to prepare full graduates this year.

Thanks are due to our beloved Division Superintendent and the members of the Buckhorn School Board for their aid and guidance in the management of this school. Thanks are also due to the patrons, who have stood by and endorsed the management, thereby making it what it is, viz.: one of the best schools in Southside Virginia.

We wish to thank our School Inspector, Mr. Jas. S. Thomas, for his hearty approval and cordial support of this school.

As patrons of this school, let us all rally to the support of the same, and give to all of our children the education they deserve, thereby making them better citizens and more fit to battle with the world. Long live the North View High School!

## Class of 1908

COLORS: Dark Blue and Gold.

MOTTO: "Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum."

FLOWER: Laurel.

---

CLASS YELL.

Rip! rah! rah! ree!

Dixie! Dixie!

A la tête!

Nineteen-eight!

Ah!

---

CLASS ROLL.

OGBURN, VIRGINIA FLOURNOY.

PETTY, LIZZIE WEBB.

RUSSELL, HELEN SMITHSON.

# History of the Class, June, 1908

---

"Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

Virgil says, "Varium et mutabile semper femina," (Woman is ever a changing and fickle thing). This apt quotation epitomizes the history of the class of 1908. Through trials, sorrows and joys we have passed, until we can now look in retrospective view at our foibles and follies and strive to profit by the mistakes of our earlier years and immaturity. We have been "ever-changing," and, we must admit it, fickle. But our purpose has ever been true to our Alma Mater.

Many, weary of the strife for academic advancement, have fallen by the way-side and laid down the burden of school-life. We regretted very much to lose these, our classmates, as we pressed onward toward the goal of graduation.

Somewhere,—the records fail to state clearly where,—Virginia Ogburn was born. It matters not; it was in spot of the beloved Southside! Do we know her? Yes, she is that curly-haired girl that we have seen around here every day. She is tall, slender, has thick red lips, large hazel eyes, and right pretty,—so she thinks. She didn't care much for music, or flowers, but was a great admirer of boys. She seemed a little fickle, as all of us women are. All through these many years of hard toil and difficulties, her aim has been always to have her name on the honor roll, and at the final day to receive



VIRGINIA OGBURN



a coveted diploma of the North View High School. We are glad to congratulate her now she has gained her purpose. May she have her schoolmates to follow in the same path that she has already trodden. While she now begins her life's journey, may she be crowned with much success.

And yonder is our little "bean pole," Lizzie Petty! Ah! we had almost forgotten that she was in existence. She has



LIZZIE PETTY

been so quiet and easy,—just like our little pet mouse. I wonder why she is stepping so lightly, and is wearing such a sweet smile on her face this bright June morning? Perhaps she is expecting to receive one of those diplomas, too. You had better step faster or else you will get here too late. Isn't that a cute little hat she is wearing, with a blue and gold band around it? Yes, you have been true with your gold and blue, to your Alma Mater. Loddie! child! don't you be peeping

at me cross-eyed from under those glasses on your long nose, for I surely will not hurt you. No, Helen can't do you any harm, for you have often showed her what the "characteristics" of those old logarithms are, and also where to put those little decimal points. Such friends are hard to find, and one would seldom see one like her in a whole day's journey. "Blest be the tie that binds, our hearts in schoolmate's love." But only one thing "ailed" this girl. She didn't give the little "sap-head" boys a bit of encouragement. They were not quite up-to-date enough on Latin and French for her, I suppose. But why didn't she go on and talk to them in plain English? (The echo repeats the query, "Why?")

Lozzie! girls, just look out the window and you will see that jolly little Helen Russell coming. Now doesn't she look



sweet, peeping from under that blue sun-bonnet, with those cute little brown eyes? She started some years ago at the bottom round on the ladder, but we are glad to see her as she gradually ascends the ladder to position and honor. It has been too hard for her to keep her head buried in between the backs of that old Geometry. Long has she hoped to be crowned with beautiful laurels, and to hear her Professor say: "Well done." But, my! she has been such a mischievous little "kid."



HELEN RUSSELL

She thought it was funny enough to make the moon laugh when she began to try some of those chemistry experiments—for instance, mixing equal parts of  $\text{HNO}_3$  and  $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4$  in a cup and pouring in a little turpentine. But the part that made her roll was when the acids exploded and burned big holes in the professor's coat.

She enjoyed laughing very much then. But, you just let her get less than ninety-seven on deportment and I bet she would walk on her bottom lip for a month. She says she never admired boys much, but when some of those cute little fellows came around, she couldn't help from feeling a little tender spot in her heart for them, and she always gave them a cordial welcome.

"Oh!" she says, "this is the brightest June I have ever spent. It seems to me that the sun shines brighter, the flowers are sweeter, the birds sing more cheerfully, and the days seem not more than thirty minutes long." Perhaps she, too, is looking forward for one of those dear N. V. H. S. diplomas. May each one of our graduates be crowned with wreathes of Laurels, ever pure and sweet.

HISTORIAN.

## Class Prophecy

---

After a hard day's work at school I retired early, hoping to get a much needed rest. But the desired slumbers were not realized. As I lay thinking about the events of the day, I seemed to fall *into* a stupor and then became unconscious. How long I remained that way I shall never know. I seemed to awake, but it was in spirit and not in body. My spirit had left its body and it seemed to float through the air. I looked at the body from which I had departed and the sight filled me with awe but it did not sadden me. On and on I floated until I came to a beautiful land, rich in fruits, grasses, and flowers, and peopled with beings whom I had never seen before, save in fancy. I hardly knew how I had gotten there.

I wandered along the roadside, plucking here and there a flower from the many all around me. As I came to the turn of the road, I met an old man, slightly bent, but still strong and vigorous. He seemed to be in the best of humor.

"My good sir," I asked, "will you please tell me where I am, for I am lost in this delightful country?"

The old man replied: "Miss, you are in Fairyland. I am the patron saint of the fairies. You are in the province of 'What-is-to-be.' While you are here, it is permitted you to know what is to happen to those who are near and dear to you."

Immediately my thoughts ran to my classmates, and I longed to lift the veil and see what the Future had in store for them.

"Kind sir," said I, "tell me of the members of the class of 1908 of the North View High School, what will become of them?"

"Well," said he, "there was that jolly good girl, Virginia Ogburn, with curly, chestnut-brown hair and hazel eyes, who was always lively and on good terms with everyone. I see her now after receiving her diploma, teaching in a college in her old native State. She is making for herself a reputation as a fine teacher, making all her pupils love her, as well as being competent for her work. My! but she is a busy and industrious body! Helping in all the clubs and societies, doing good wherever she can. But I can see she will not be here long, for already she has been out automobiling several times with a prominent and promising professor. Madam Rumor says there will be a marriage in that vicinity before very long. Her happy nature and pleasant smile will not allow her many years of labor in the educational advancement of the State.

"Now comes Helen Russell, the quiet and kindly-looking girl, with dark hair and soft dark eyes. She was always studying hard and getting few demerits. Always pleasant with and ready to help others. Now since she has received her diploma she has a position in a school in her sister State. Here she divides her time between teaching and helping in the church work. Although she does her duty in her school, we can see her tendency to be stronger for her other work. Finally we see her give up her school entirely for studying the Bible and missionary work. Her interest and devotion to it becomes more intense every day and at last we see her a missionary in Japan, teaching the heathen men, women and children about Christianity, and doing a great work for Christ.

"Now for our last one. After examinations were over, we watched our little black-haired and blue-eyed Lizzie Petty. All summer she has been planning her future, but still she is undecided. Oh, yes! I think I see her now, a trained nurse, with her white cap and apron. My! but doesn't she look nice with her pretty black hair peeping from under her snow-white

cap. See her among the invalids, ministering to their wants. Don't you know she will not be there long? Some nice young doctor will take her away to some far distant city and give her a fine home. She will be very happy, but will look back with pleasure at the time when she was simply a plain nurse."

PROPHETESS.





CLASS OF 1908.

## Class Ode

---

TUNE: "*Old Folks at Home.*"

Our hearts reveal that which is before,  
Past days recall;  
Memories of good old days of yore,  
Fall on us like a pall.  
Whate'er fate kind Fortune may bestow,  
Sadly we leave,  
Still thinking of others, dear to know,  
And friendships we used to weave.

### CHORUS.

All the world seems glad and gay,  
Students glad and free.  
We'll cherish fondly, and think away,  
Dear Alma Mater of thee!

Oft we longed the future to unfold,  
Our lives to see,  
As we built day-dreams and fancies bold  
Of that which is to be;  
Still achieving, ever pursuing,  
Onward we've gone.  
Our golden school days now are ending,  
Soon will we be all alone.

Now, schoolmates, we must say adieu;  
A fond farewell  
Each one of us would extend to you.  
Goodbye! and fare you well!  
Fain would we linger on that threshold  
Of life's doorway  
We must cross, not without cares untold;  
Do whatsoever we may.

CLASS OF 1908.

# Class of 1909

---

MOTTO: "Non quis, sed quid."

COLORS: Red and Black.

FLOWER: Rose.

When we survey the class of 1909, the first query that arises is: "Where are the boys?" They have vanished from the school, though leaving seven bright girls to continue the course. These girls are ever ready to do and dare in the progress of school life.

By their progressiveness the members of the class of 1909 have well lived up to their motto: "Non quis, sed quid"—"Not *who*, but *what*." Eager in their work, they have striven for that which is best, and to make their work count more than their personality. Long may they prosper!

---

## CLASS ROLL.

ANDREWS, LUCY MAY.

BUGG, ANNIE HASKINS.

GORDON, SUE.

OGBURN, LUCY MCCREA.

PETTY, SUSIE LEE.

WELLS, CARRIE.

WILKINSON, ILLA.





CLASS OF 1909





## Class of 1910

---

The class of 1910 has been very studious, striving for honors and distinctions. They have worked hard and honestly earned what they have made. May they continue in their progress, and when they shall be thrown upon the world they will not be found wanting, but let each, with diploma waving, come forward to receive their reward.

With only two years more for their school work, they will try to complete their course in spite of discouragements. They are few in number but are working with heart and mind to be ready when the last trumpet of school days is blown.

---

### CLASS ROLL.

CRYMES, ANNIE.

\*JONES, ALMA.

OGBURN, ROBERT.

SMITH, MARY GILL.

\* Enrolled after photograph was taken.

# Class of 1911

---

Eleven bright boys and girls just beginning the high school course. They have a bright future before them. Filled with more than youthful enthusiasm, the remaining years of their school life will pass rapidly. May they ever keep in mind the goal towards which their eyes are now turned and may they ever be true to all that is noble and good in school life.

These, the "freshmen," have our best wishes for long, useful lives.

---

## CLASS ROLL.

BUGG, MAGIE OGBURN.

COLE, ROSSER ELWOOD.

GORDAN, JACK O'BRIEN.

GORDAN, ROY POLK.

OGBURN, HARRIET ASHBY.

OGBURN, LIZZIE PETTY.

OGBURN, JOSEPHINE CARTER.

OGBURN, RICHARD KENNEL.

PETTY, JOHN HERBERT.

\*WELLS, WILLIAM A.

WINN, WALTER WILLIAM.

\* Not present when photograph was taken.



CLASS OF 1911





GRAMMAR SCHOOL GRADES

# CLASS STATISTICS, 1908

NAME	Age	Height	Weight	Appearance	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Name	Favorite Song	Favorite Book	Favorite Flower	Favorite Slang	Temperament
Lizzie Webb Petty	18	5 feet 10 inch	120 lb.	Tall, slender, graceful, black hair and blue eyes	Playing Piano	"Grunt Pig Grunt"	"Bill Bally"	"Grimm's Fairy Tales"	"Yachetors' Buttons"	"Oh! Go along"	Constant and true
Virginia F. Ogburn	18	5 feet 9 inch	164 lb.	Fair skinned brunette, wavy brown hair, brown eyes. Large pompadour.	Dancing	Wink	"Yankeo Doodle"	All	"Son" Flower	"It's a slamm-ing good thing"	Fickle
Helen S. Russell	19	5 feet 5 inch	125 lb.	Fair skin, dark brown eyes, High pompadour. Quiet and retiring.	(Going to Sunday School	"Frog in the Middle"	"I got Mine"	Sunday School Journal	"Rooster Heads"	"Not so you can notice it"	Just Medium



## Where the Shoe Fits

---

VIRGINIA F. OGBURN.—“Nature was in a happy mood the day that witnessed her birth.”

LIZZIE W. PETTY.—“Love seldom haunts the heart which longs for learning.”

HELEN S. RUSSELL.—“She lives but to be pleasant and agreeable to her companions.”





W. N. WILLIS

## Our Principal

---

William Nicholas Willis was born January 13, 1879, on the eastern shore of Maryland, the abode of his family since colonial times. He was educated at the St. Michael's High School, graduating in 1895. Entering Western Maryland College, he graduated in 1899 (A. B.). In June, 1904, his Alma Mater conferred upon him (in cursu), the degree of Master of Arts. Since his graduation Mr. Willis has been employed in teaching in the graded and high schools of Talbot and Caroline Counties, Maryland, becoming principal of the North View High School in 1907.

Mr. Willis is an active member of the Maryland Historical Society and of the General Society of the War of 1812.

## A Toast

---

Here's to the assistant teachers of the N. V. H. S., who have been loyal and devoted to its interests: Miss Jones and Mrs. Toone! By their kindly manner and good humor they have endeared themselves to us all.

Long may they live and prosper to encourage and cheer those about them!

CLASS OF '08.



MISS JONES AND MRS. TOONE  
ASSISTANTS









PRIMARY GRADES OF THE N. V. H. S.

## A Disappointed Girl

---

Dorothy Adams was born in the backwoods of southern Virginia. Her parents lived on a beautiful farm far out in the country. Dorothy was the only girl, and she was always petted, and every wish granted. She had only one brother, and she was very devoted to him. There were no other children living near them, so they grew up as two little sisters.

Their mother taught them at home until Dorothy became fourteen. Then she decided to send her off to a high school. She had never seen much of the world, and she hated to leave home, but they thought it would be better to send her off to school, because they were afraid that she, in being raised up all alone, would seem a little indifferent towards other people. They finally decided to send her to North View High School. At first she seemed very happy, but she soon became homesick and wanted to return home. But they wanted her to stay in school. After she became acquainted, she became more satisfied, and liked there very much.

She finally got so she would spend an hour every morning in looking over the magazine, and keeping up with the plays that were going on at the theaters. The principal asked her one morning why she was always late, but she gave him no direct answer. When her monthly reports were sent home, some of her marks were low, and her mother knew at once that something was the matter. She wrote and asked her daughter what it was. She at first tried to deceive her mother, but she afterwards became sorry about it, and repented very much. She felt that she was doing wrong to try to deceive so faithful a mother. She sat down and wrote to her mother and explained

it fully, why she was getting such marks, but she promised her faithfully that she would try afterwards and do her duty.

She fell very much in love with one of the young men of the town. He was very attentive to her. There was to be an entertainment given by Polk Miller, in the town hall, the following Friday night. This young man made engagements to take her.

On Tuesday evening she met another very handsome young man. She made engagements with him to go out riding on Wednesday afternoon. He came at the time set, and as they went spinning down the street in their automobile, something was said about the grand play that was to be in town on Friday afternoon. He finally said to her: "May I take you?" She hesitated for a moment and then said, "Yes." She thought the other young man was so fond of her that she could do with him as she wished to and then make it all right with him.

When time came for him to fill his engagement, he went to her home, but found out that she had gone. He became very angry at the idea of her breaking the engagement, but only said: "I will fix her."

These young men happened to be great "chums," and they afterwards related to each other their experience. They decided to drop her entirely. You can imagine how disappointed she was. She wrote to them and tried to explain, but they still kept silent.

Several months passed, but everything seemed dark and dreary to her. She finally met a very handsome young drummer. He paid her a lot of attention, and took her to every play that came in town, and everything he could do to make her enjoy herself. She remained quite faithful to him. She never broke an engagement with him, for she had learned a lesson about not being true.

Some months afterwards he was arrested for a serious crime which had been committed. She remained very loyal

to him, in spite of all others who pleaded for her. For several weeks she was in perfect misery about him. She said, and did, all that was in her power for him. He was afterwards sentenced for the crime, but before he was carried to prison, new evidence was discovered, and he was set free. You can picture how rejoiced she was. She was so happy that one would have thought she was losing her mind to hear her talk sometimes.

They were soon afterwards married, and no one ever saw a more happy couple. Thus their life was ever a happy one.

## Jays of the Southland

---

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,  
Long as thy Science truth shall know,  
Long as thy Eagle harms no dove,  
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,  
Long as thy God is God above,  
Thy brother every man below,  
So long, dear land of all my love,  
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow."

This was well said of our dear old Southland. For it is an ideal land, abounding in song and rich in story. It is a land of contentment and joy. Even in colonial times, the gay Cavalier and cheerful Huguenot lived lives of splendor, refinement and ease. Society has always been at its best in the Southland. Courtesy, gentility, politeness and all the finer arts of the soul seem inherent in the very soul of the South. The old Southern colonists enjoyed liberty, prosperity and contentment. They lived on their large rich plantations attended by their faithful slaves who loved them and who were always ready to obey their commands. Hospitality was one of the many virtues of the old Southerners. Their homes were open to all friends far and near. Their stables were filled with the finest bred horses, and here and there they often gathered for a fox hunt or a horse race or show. Holidays were celebrated at first one home and then the other. The people, old and young, would gather for an Old Colonial Ball. The spacious rooms of the old brick house would resound with merriment and laughter. Those were joyful times. They were not only so then, but remained so until the Civil War.

The South was great in political force and strength. Some of our greatest men came from the South. Our first President,

George Washington, was a Southerner. He was a noble Virginian, who by his ability, good judgment, patriotic spirit and Christian character, filled the presidential chair two terms. Washington was also our mainstay in the Revolutionary War. There, too, was another—Calhoun, from South Carolina, who was a great aid to the South as a Senator. We must mention also, Jefferson Davis, the noble, self-sacrificing Southerner who was the President of the Confederacy. And we must not forget noble Lee, whose name shall ever be immortal and who so bravely distinguished himself in the Civil War and in the educational advancement of the South. There was another also worthy of praise, Stonewall Jackson, the bravest of Confederate generals, and who gave his life for a noble cause and one he believed to be right.

From the lives of such men as these one can form his estimate of the Southerner. It is a noble thing to think of the Confederate soldier leaving his loved ones to what fate he knew not and going out to fight for what he deemed a just cause. The cause for which they went to give their life, if necessary. And, alas! for it to be the Lost Cause. But was it indeed lost! No, it was not that, because of the heroic examples given the world, of brave, gallant and loyal deeds done to defend their beloved South. They can never be forgotten and always will be an inspiration for noble things. The Confederate name will ever remain a synonym for bravery and devotion to principle. It is, indeed, a joy to see these same old soldiers remain faithful and loyal to the Stars and Stripes, and enthusiastic and joyous in the glory of their country.

The war seemed as a dark gloom settling down over the country. But this was not to last always, for though not victorious, yet not conquered, but only outnumbered, the Southerners returned to their homes and commenced the work of reconstruction. We pass over reconstruction days with a shudder, all joy seems forever gone. But now that the dark cloud



of war has lifted, the South is again united; the old wounds of war are healed; there remains no ill feeling or enmity anywhere. Consequently the South now enjoys prosperity and peace.

"Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done;  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won;—

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms the blue;  
Under the garland the gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the blue,  
Tears and love for the gray."

We will only say a few words of the sad return of the old soldiers, to find their homes and everything either destroyed or fallen into ruin. They did not sit down to rest, as it were, but were up and doing with a cheerful and resolute heart. The reconstruction progressed rapidly. New inventions were made, new industries adopted and progress became general and rapid. This advancement is still continuing. Education is taking a great bound and is making greater progress than before. It is the awakening of the South in all its glory and joy. Phoenix-like, she rises and advances, never pausing or taking any step backward, but ever pursuing and ever achieving, she pushes onward.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," which can well be said of the Southland. It seemed like fairyland to the old

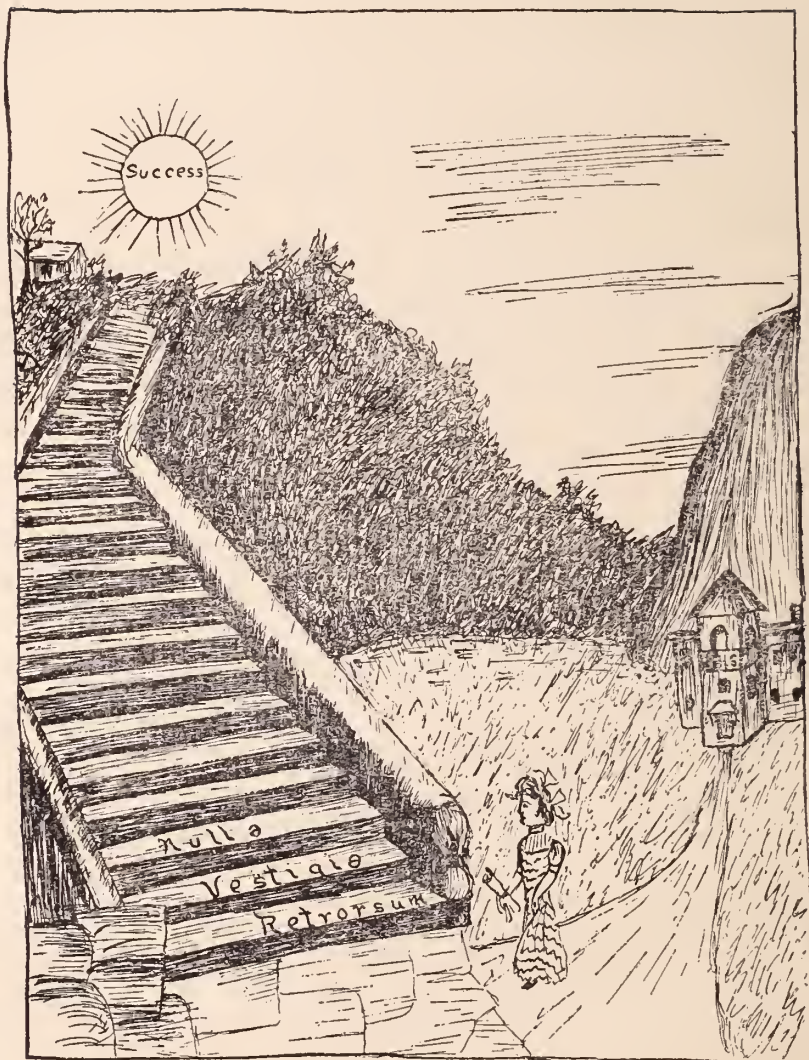
voyagers and discoverers when they came to the southern coast of the Atlantic and found beautiful orange groves, waving forests, and fields green with corn. So now it seems to newcomers to this country. The South still has a wealth of beauty. There are many beautiful cities, rivers and mountains, as well as other kinds of scenery that would fill anyone with wonder and joy. Oh! what a great joy and blessing it is to live in such a land of delight.

May the South still continue to enjoy peace and prosperity and delight in its joys through the ages to come! We are proud of our native land and we will be loyal to its best traditions. Long live the Southland!

LIZZIE WEBB PETTY, '08.



OUR MOTTO AND ASPIRATIONS



NO STEPS BACKWARD

## Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum

---

Progress is the keynote of our age. Nature and man cry out to us on every side, "No steps backward." This is our motto. Advancement is being made rapidly in every condition and circumstance of life. Science in its knowledge has increased more than a hundred-fold. The nineteenth century was ushered in by the candle light, and the twentieth century by the electric light. Art and literature have progressed rapidly. While the old masters—geniuses who, here and there, dot the world's history in art and literature—may be lacking, still we can note its progress ever onward, and that to-day conditions are in advance of what they were in previous periods. Railroads are a good sign of our progress. The sailing vessel of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has given way to the palatial steamer of to-day. Small huts and hovels have given way to larger and more commodious houses. Instances of continued progress might be multiplied. The world seemed at a standstill in the Dark Ages, but it became awakened. New impulses and ideas arose to go ever onward, increasing our knowledge and promoting progress. The world since then has taken no backward steps. It is ever on the alert for better and higher things. Nowhere is this progress better shown than in the realm of physics and chemistry. Galileo suffered almost bodily harm for performing some experiments in physics, which the ignorant people of his day believed to be connected with evil arts. In chemistry wonderful steps have been made, until we look upon the alchemist and his works as a fairy story of the far distant past. The alchemist tried to turn the baser metals into gold; the modern chemist tries to discover the laws of nature and her elements.

We must go ever onward. The world has no place for the sluggard, and no place for the one who will take a backward step, or even for the one who will be contented to stand still. We rise to higher things by things that are beneath our feet. We are lifted up by difficulties which we successfully overcome. Difficulties may seem to thwart us, but they give us great power to resist and push on. An old motto says, "Ad astra per aspera,"— "To the stars through difficulties." Onward and upward should be our aim without even looking back. In our daily life the little things count. A deed of kindness, however small it may be, may help some poor weary traveler. Even a few kind words may cheer some aching heart. A cup of cool water to the thirsty, a crumb of bread to the perishing, and a penny to the poor!

Let us always carry a bright sunny smile on our face, and have a kind word to greet our friends. We must take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we covet, or the fame for which we struggle. The poet says:

"Heaven is not gained at a single bound,  
But we build a ladder by which we rise,  
From the lowly earth, to the vaulted skies  
And mount to it's summit round by round."

Thus the greatest success is achieved. Be successful. The world always admires success, which means advancement and no step backward. Everyone admires the successful man. Why? Because he is ever advancing. We achieve success in various ways. But we must first know how to meet every circumstance of life without taking any backward steps.

Let us consider the Christian life. A Christian has many temptations. They have more, it seems, than one who is not a Christian, for the Christian tries to resist many temptations,

when the one who is not a Christian would never stop to think about it.

We need always be up and doing something for the advancement of some good cause. "To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift nor lie at anchor." We have some men and women in our community who have made it their life's aim to take no backward steps. They have always taken an active part in all Christian work, and are always ready to do a deed of kindness. They have always tried to help those around them to obtain better and higher things. Take, for example, Lawrence and Columbus. After Lawrence was mortally wounded, as he was borne below, he exclaimed: "Don't give up the ship." Columbus's greatest desire was to discover the new country, or a passage to India. He took no backward steps. He went to sea at the age of fourteen years. He was continually engaged in voyages. He had many difficulties in setting out, but by the aid of Queen Isabella he finally obtained three vessels and ninety men. He sailed from Palos August 3rd, 1492. The weeks passed so drearily by, that the sailors became very much discouraged and wanted to turn back, but Columbus said, "No steps backwards," so they still pressed on. After many weeks of hardships and discouragement, Columbus began to notice green branches floating about on the water, and birds flying about in the air. At two o'clock in the morning of October 11th a shout from the *Pinta* announced the discovery of land. They were all very glad to think they had resisted all temptations to give up, and had gained great success. We can almost see Columbus now as he stood on the deck with his pale face turned toward the west, and longing for the sight of land.

Joaquin Miller has written a beautiful poem concerning this part of the admiral's life. He says in part:

"Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
It's grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Thus may it be with our Alma Mater. The fondest hope of the class of 1908 is that it may go on widening its sphere and increasing in usefulness. We would, in the words of the poet, say to our high school and our schoolmates: "On! sail on!" The path lies open before you. It may be steep and rugged in places, but keep your eye always fixed upon the goal of a well spent life. Take no backward steps nor even hesitate to look back. We have started in the right direction and the nearer we approach success, the brighter becomes our vision. Before us lies the city of our dreams. Let us, like "Christian," in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," cast aside the evils, doubts and hindrances which try to accompany us, and look only toward the time when our brightest dreams and aspirations shall be satisfied. In this way we shall secure the most enduring peace of mind and most lasting happiness.

HELEN SMITHSON RUSSELL, '08.



## Edgar Allen Poe

---

Genius wherever found always attracts the human mind. It is this attraction which impels us to consider and discuss the life of Edgar Allen Poe, mystic and genius that he was. Much has been said about the estimate of Edgar Allen Poe. His genius is unquestionable, but it had a limited range and lacked a substantial moral basis. Like Pope he did not hesitate to mystify and mislead his readers.

Poe occupies a singular place in American literature. He was once called our most interesting writer. He ranks first for intellectual brilliancy, and stands alone in his great failure to use it wisely.

No person can read his works without being deeply impressed with his extraordinary ability. But the moral element in life is the most important, and Poe was lacking in this. He never cared anything about the truth and would not mind using an untruth where he knew it would add to the weirdness of his story.

Edgar Allen Poe sprang from an honorable ancestry. His grandfather, David Poe, was a Revolutionary hero, over whose grave it is said that Lafayette, as he kissed the sod, said: "*Ici repose un coeur noble*"—"Here reposes a noble heart." His father, a young wayward youth, became enamored of an English actress, and left the bar for the stage. They were soon married, and while in an engagement in Boston, the young poet was born, January 19, 1809. Two years later the wandering pair were in Richmond, where they died in about two weeks of each other in extreme poverty. They left three children. The second, of whom we are now speaking, was left in the home of a wealthy merchant, Mr. John Allan.

Poe as a boy was remarkably pretty and very precocious, and his foster parents would never allow an opportunity to pass without "showing him off." After dinner, in his elegant home, he was placed upon the table to deliver short declamations and make toasts to the guests.

In 1815, Mr. Allan went away to England with his family, and there he placed Edgar in an old and historic town, which has since been swallowed up by the ever-growing city: The appearance of the city made a strong impression on the boy, as in his autobiographic "William Wilson," he tells of the appearances and associations of the people. After five years spent in this school, where he learned to speak Latin and French, he was brought home and placed in the Richmond Academy. He was not very studious, but with his brilliancy he took first rank among his classmates. His skill at verse making and debate made him prominent in the school. He was not popular among his fellow students, on account of his superior intellectual powers, which, however, were not as great as he imagined. He was disposed to live apart and to indulge in moody reveries. According to the testimony of one that knew him well, he was capricious, self-willed, inclined to be imperious, and though of generous impulses, not steadily kind or even amiable.

In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia.

His conduct at school led Mr. Allan, his foster parent, to visit the school and find out the life his son was leading. His visit was not satisfactory, and although his son won high honors in Latin and French, he refused to allow him to return after the first session, but put him in his own counting room. Many a genius has found such work as this intolerably irksome—with high notions as to his own ability. Poe soon broke away from his duties, and went away to seek his fortune. He went to Boston in search of fame and money. He resorted to the unpromising expedient of publishing, in 1827, a small

volume of poems. As was to be expected, his book gave but little attractions, and he was soon reduced to financial straits. He enlisted under an assumed name in the United States Army. He served at Fort Moultrie and Fortress Monroe. He rose to rank of sergeant major. He was exemplary in his deportment, prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duties.

In 1829, Mr. Allan's heart was softened towards his adopted son, by the death of his wife. Through his influence Poe succeeded in securing his discharge from the army and obtained a place in West Point. Here he was reserved, exclusive, discontented and censorious, and would often ignore the daily routine of roll calls and guard duties, which often caused him to be arrested and punished. At the end of six months he was summoned before a court-martial, tried and expelled.

After having been expelled, he went to Richmond. Mr. Allan had refused to recognize him, since he had shown so little appreciation. Accordingly, Poe was thrown entirely upon his own resources. He finally settled in Baltimore, where he had a few friends, and began his literary career.

In 1833, "The Baltimore Saturday Visitor" offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best prose story. Poe won the prize by his tale "A M. S. Found in a Bottle." This prize may be regarded as the first step in his career. The ability shown in that story caused John Kennedy to befriend him in his distress and help him with his work.

After a few years of hack work in Baltimore, he moved to Richmond again in 1835, and obtained employment on the "Southern Literary Messenger." In a short time he was promoted to editorship of the paper, and by his tales, poems and reviews he made the paper very popular.

The South sang his praises and regarded him as the foremost writer of the day. The bright future that was before him, he ruthlessly abused. It was said of him that he resigned the editorship for a more lucrative offer in New York, but



the truth is that he was dismissed on account of his irregular habits. He was again turned out into the world. He went to New York, where he published his story, "Arthur Gordon Pym." Although a sea tale, it was never very popular.

Griswold has given us an interesting description of Poe's life in one of his biographies, he says: "His manner, except during his fits of intoxication, was very quiet, gentle and manly; he was usually dressed with simplicity and elegance, and when once he sent for me to visit him, during a period of illness caused by protracted and anxious watching at the side of his sick wife, I was impressed by the singular neatness and the air of refinement in his home. It was a small house, in one of the pleasant and silent neighborhoods, far from the centre of the town, and though slightly and cheaply furnished, everything in it was so tastefully and so fitly disposed that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius.

His career had by this time begun to descend. He continued to write his wierd stories, and it was during the time he was contributing to the "Evening Mirror" that his greatest poem, "The Raven," appeared. It was received all over the world as never before had an American poem been received. The following passages will show the wierd and fantastic nature of his poems: "The Raven" is especially noted for its wierdness. "The Raven" is supposed to be the demon "Drink," which haunted him and finally accomplished his ruin.

"Once upon a midnight dreary,  
While I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping, at my chamber door  
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more.'"

Resignation and despair is complete in the concluding paragraph:

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the palid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted never more."

In his stories he conjures up unearthly landscapes as a setting for his gloomy and morbid fancies, as, for example, in "The City in the Sea":

"There shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky,  
The melancholy waters lie."

During his stay in New York he was often present at the literary gatherings of the city. His gentle and amiable wife, whom he had married in her fourteenth year in Richmond. She was his cousin, Virginia Clemm. Poverty now pressed upon them very heavily, for in the course of a few years he became an object of charity. His invalid wife soon passed away. The weather was extremely cold, and she died with her husband holding her hands and her mother her feet, and a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom, and her husband's great-coat around her to keep out the cold. She died January 30, 1847.

After this event Poe was never the same man again. He took to drinking, and the terrible work was soon done. On one of his visits from Richmond to Baltimore, he died from the effects of drinking, October 7, 1849.

Thus ended the life of a man who was gifted, self-willed, proud and passionate. In his maddening poem, "The Conqueror Worm," he gives an unequalled picture of pessimism.

And if there were not nobler lives, we might well say, as we stand by his grave:

“Out—out are the lights—out all,  
And over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm;  
And the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm,  
That the play is the tragedy ‘Man,’  
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.”

VIRGINIA FLOURNOY OGBURN, '08.

**Board of Trustees,  
Buckhorn District, Mecklenburg County**



A. C. OGBURN



LEWIS N. BUCHANAN



W. H. ELAM, JR.







JAMES S. THOMAS

## School Officials

---

### TEACHERS, NORTH VIEW HIGH SCHOOL.

WILLIAM NICHOLAS WILLIS, A. M., *Principal*.

PATTIE LOVE JONES, *First Assistant*.

MRS. IDA JOHNSON TOONE, *Second Assistant*.

### BOARD OF TRUSTEES, BUCKHORN DISTRICT.

LEWIS N. BUCHANAN, *President*.

ALPHEUS C. OGBURN.

WILLIAM H. ELAM, JR., *Clerk*.

### DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT.

(Mecklenburg Co.)

SAMUEL LYLE GRAHAM.

### STATE SCHOOL EXAMINER.

Third Circuit.

JAMES S. THOMAS, Lynchburg, Va.



## Senior Richmond Trip

---

We had planned our trip for some weeks. We had to have some pictures made and see about the publishing of our book, "Southside Echoes." We decided to go on Friday and come back Monday, so as to miss as few days as possible from school.

We got to the depot just in time to board the train that would take us to Lacrosse, and we had to wait over there for the train that goes to Richmond, until four o'clock in the afternoon. We forgot our nice box of lunch we were to carry with us, and left it in the station at Union Level. But when dinner time came we had a nice lunch sent us from the hotel. We were glad to get that little, for we were almost like starved dogs. We walked around the station until the place was almost unbearable, and finally the train blew in. I expect if it had been a freight train we would have tried to go on that, we were so worn out with waiting. However, it was our train, and of all the hurrying and scuffling you ever saw, we had it; all trying to get there first. We were ready to go on before the train came to a standstill. The train was a fast one and only stopped at Petersburg. One stop was made at the little station, McKenny, for water.

We enjoyed the journey very much, especially when we crossed the James River, seeing the men sitting on the green banks, fishing, and the boats moving slowly and gracefully up the river. We wished so much we could have been on one of them. It looked so pretty to see men fishing, and just reminds one of spring time. Going through Petersburg, we had to travel over tops of houses, and my! it did look funny to look down as you were passing over, but we were passing over so

quickly, that we hardly realized it before we were on land again.

Several passengers attracted our attention, especially one old fellow who came in with a large satchel in one hand and a pickaxe in the other. He was dressed in a dark blue suit of clothes, with a high, sleek beaver hat. He was too odd for anything! Wonder if he is an "Odd fellow?" When he passed through our car I noticed him especially, for he had aroused my curiosity. His hair was coiled at the back of his neck, and fastened with long wire hair pins. He soon left us, and we did not see him any more.

Richmond made a great impression on us for these reasons: It is among our oldest cities and was founded by Colonel William Byrd, who laid the foundation of what is now our most beautiful city. It is on a beautiful site on the James River, not very far from where Captain John Smith settled. It was also the capital during the Confederacy, and is now the capital of Virginia.

Several of our party staid at Murphy's Hotel, and every day we would name some place to meet. We went to Campbell & Company and had our pictures made, and then the next day we had to spend in sight-seeing. We were very sorry when Monday came and we had to leave and come home to our daily routine of Latin and Geometry, and other studies.

We were exceedingly sorry to come away, and was glad, too, because we were tired out. Our journey home was very dull, because it was cold and we could not keep our windows up to look out at every station as we passed and see the different people, but we enjoyed it just the same. We got home about one o'clock Monday afternoon.

We shall never forget our trip, and are living in hopes of another trip when we can have more time to stay.

## Extracts from a School Dairy

---

1907.

October 5th.—We stretched our necks to-day to see the new professor. He did not come. How sorry we were!

October 18.—The professor came.

October 19.—He saw.

October 20.—He went away.

October 25.—Was unusually "blue" to-day because of thinking about having no teacher. . . .

November 5.—Another professor came.

November 6.—He saw.

November 7.—He conquered.

November 28.—Thanksgiving Day.

December 2.—Have forgotten what was done to-day.

December 10.—Had a visitor to-day who made us all laugh.  
We missed our lesson.

December 20.—School closed to-day for Christmas Holidays.

December 21.—Professor went home to see his "intended."  
Wish him success!

1908.

January 6.—Christmas holidays are over! Ah, me! We feel like caged birds again.

January 14.—Never will forget this day; had thirty lines of Virgil to translate.

January 24.—Virginia's birthday.

February 2.—Chemical experiments equal holes in professor's coat and trousers (acid exploded).

February 14.—Valentine's Day. Took a prominent part in the play, "Old Dairy Homestead." Was warmly praised.

February 24.—Mid year's exams. begin to-day. Ah me!

February 25.—Oh! that hateful old Arithmetic and horrid Geometry! Whew! If I live till to-morrow night!

February 26.—Exams. finished. We are still alive. May get over them but we will *never* look the same.

March 4.—The Editorial Board of "Southside Echoes" held a meeting.

March 5.—Ninth grade girls were busy and whispering about our plans. Seemed to be getting angry with us.

March 6.—The ninth grade girls "boiled" over to-day. They vented their wrath upon us in sour looks and stony silence.

March 30.—Nothing doing—even among the ninth grade girls.

April 1.—Presented the professor with a "spider" dumpling. Heard the Indian chief Loof Lirpa was dying.

April 19.—School picnic on the lawn. Long may it live in our memory.

April 28.—Missed our Trigonometry lesson. Will our troubles never end?

May 3.—Getting real busy for final exams.; will have to give up my diary work.

BY ONE OF THE GIRLS.

# Theatricals

---

Among the school events of this session none afforded more pleasure to the pupils of the principal's room than the entertainment given on Valentine's Day in the North View Debating Hall. The caste was home talent, girls of the principal's room, and young men of the neighborhood. Though a stormy evening, there was a large audience present.

The following programme was rendered :

Recitation by Lucye M. Andrews.

Tableaux: Hiawatha's Childhood—Hiawatha's Wooing.  
Four Centuries of the American Girl.

Play—A Rural Comedy :

“The Old Dairy Homestead.”

Tableau: Leap Year Valentine.

Instrumental music was furnished between acts:

I. R. Boswell, first violin.

S. B. Johnson, second violin.

Robt. Andrews, autoharp.

S. L. Keeton, guitar.

Wm. Andrews, banjo.

W. L. Tucker, violin.

## CASTE OF “OLD DAIRY HOMESTEAD.”

Mike Donnavin, traveling tinker . . . . .	Wm. Russell
Malcolm Gray, ex-convict . . . . .	Wm. P. Andrews
Willie Work, gentleman born tired . . . . .	Robt. Ogburn
Jason Wilkins, a farmer . . . . .	Jas. Gordon
Josh Arrowroot, town constable . . . . .	Ernest Cole
Ruby, a little waif . . . . .	Susie Petty
Mrs. Glimmer, dashing widow . . . . .	Virginia Ogburn
Maude, the farmer's niece . . . . .	Sue P. Gordon
Becky Wilkins, old maid . . . . .	Lizzie W. Petty

# Chemistry

---

We've learned about "acid," "base," and "salt";  
Much also of tin, lead, and cobalt.  
But we hold this to be grandly true,—  
Beware of acids, whate'er you do:  
Oh! the "fuss" they make and stench beside  
When on various metals they're tried!  
To say nothing of the burn and sting,  
And that ugly old color they bring.  
Never will we safe and happy be  
Unless we avoid  $\text{HNO}_3$ .

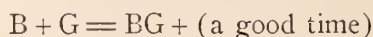
Midst the worries and difficulties that have arisen in our school work, Chemistry stands out as a bright spot. We have taken much pleasure in this study and have found it both interesting and instructive. With only an improvised laboratory, we have tried to delve somewhat into the nature of things and to learn just a little of the origin and development of various kinds of matter and their compounds.

Much we have gained by experiment. Mistakes we've made, but we usually tried again. The odors of gases and other compounds we won't forget. How delightful the odor of  $\text{H}_2\text{S}$  (?) But better still that of  $\text{C}_2\text{H}_4$ !

The principles of Chemistry may be applied in any walk of life. For instance, we have seen the following experiment tried with disastrous results.

EXPERIMENT.—Take one girl (G) and of as good quality one boy (B). Both of these being harmless ingredients may be brought together with impunity. Add another girl to the mixture and it bursts with explosive violence and resolves itself again into its elements.

The reactions are as follows:



Or we may try the following with better results:

EXPERIMENT.—Take in equal parts, one woman (W) and one man (M). When the mixture becomes thoroughly fixed, add ten drams of mother-in-law acid ( $\text{Mil CO}_3$ ) and the mixture becomes more fixed and united, the acid being resolved into a gas and driven off rapidly, the more rapidly as it attacks more viciously the mixture and opposes it.

The reaction is as follows:



## A Girl's Slang

---

....., 19...

My Dear .....,

What are you doing with yourself these long June days? We are studying to "beat the band."

This is "slamming" warm weather, isn't it? "By George," when are you going to come to see me? I am "dead crazy to see you." I bought a new hat yesterday; it's a "peach." We ordered a new machine to-day and it's a "slamming" good thing. You can sew a "mile-a-minute," and you know that is "burning the wind." I was looking "cute" when my pictures were taken yesterday. They are "birds."

I am "crazy" for some ice cream. Say "ditto." I can eat it "to beat the band."

Write to me soon and be "some" careful you don't use slang. I hate it and don't use it.

Come to see us when you "don't feel like it."

"Bye! Bye."

Your friend,

.....



## They Come and Go

*(Doggerel verses about North View dogs.)*

---

There are three dogs that come to our school,  
They often walk in and sit on the stool;  
One can neither call them a dunce nor a fool,  
Although they don't learn much by coming to school.

One is named Nell, one Joe; they look just so,  
And the other, I am sure, is named "Uknow."  
They keep very quiet until the bell begins to ring,  
And then they run, bark and almost sing.  
One is black, one brown, the other a little blue,  
And when we get after them, they ever "skidoo;"  
But they always come back when we are through  
And pick up scraps—hardly enough even for two.

They sometimes walk in the hall to hang up their hat,  
Pretending, I suppose, they're watching for a rat;  
But the next we know they're flying like a bat,  
With lunch baskets and everything like that.

ANONYMOUS.





"AUNT" SELINA AT THE SPRING

## “Aunt” Selina

---

“Aunt” Selina is one of the few links left to connect the present with antebellum slavery days. She is a typical, old Southern “mammy,” who did not think slavery an unmixed evil. Though now about 90 years old, her mind goes back to those old days, and many are the stories she is fond of telling about “de good ole times.”

For several years “Aunt” Selina has been janitress of the North View High School, and she takes pride in her position. She has become a fixture of the school.

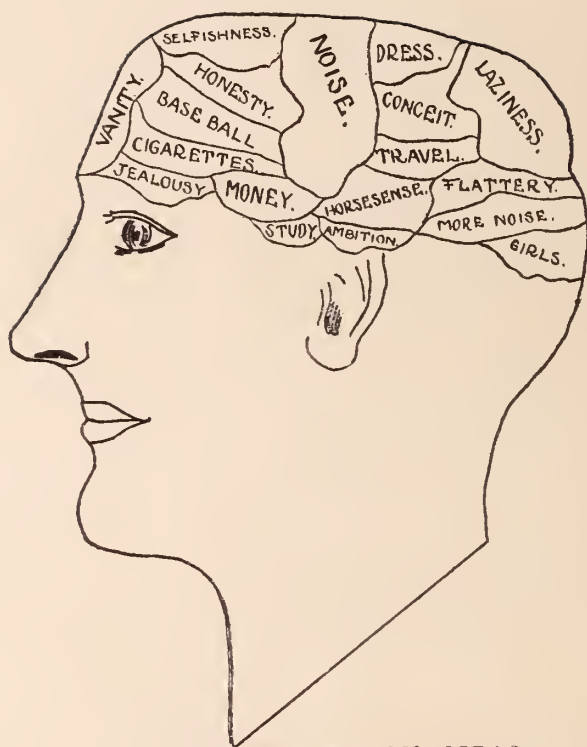
Every morning “Aunt” Selina may be seen wending her way from her cabin on the hill, to the spring, or through the woodland to the school to begin her duties. Bent with years, carrying a heavy hickory stick, wearing heavy brogan shoes, her appearance is known to all in the neighborhood. And yet she has still a keen eye and is noted for her strength.

Even her name is almost unknown; she is “Aunt” Selina to everybody. When asked about her age she replied, “’Deed, marse, I doan know; folks didn’t tell niggers dere ages in dem days. I done belong to Marse Bragg.” But by circumstances she related it is known that she is nearly 90 years old.

Her passing will be regretted by many who have known her long and well.



AUNT SELINA



*ANATOMY OF A BOYS HEAD.*

# Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1908

---

Profoundly sensible that we are soon to depart from the realm of school life, and enter upon the duties which may await us, we make this, our last will and testament, for the benefit of those whom we leave behind.

First, we give and bequeath unto our successors, the Ninth Grade, and their heirs forever, our serenity of mind, which has enabled us to keep an even temper and disposition, when they assailed us with stony silence and bitter reproaches because of secrets we would not disclose.

Second, we give to them the same pleasure and companionship we have maintained during our years of school work. May they be blessed with happy thoughts and kindly feelings towards one another and towards us.

Third, we bequeath to the Eighth Grade, a power handed down to us,—never to say or do anything against the Ninth Grade unless it be in accordance with the highest degree of love and honor. This power we bequeath enjoins them to be strictly faithful to their schoolmates, always speaking a kind word and answering all calls of duty.

Fourth, we bequeath, in fee simple, share and share alike, to all that may come after us, our experience with Chemistry, namely, "Beware of acids, for they leave, if not a shining mark, at least a noticeable and destructive one.

Fifth, we devise to all schoolmates this advice. It will cheer them in adversity and help them in prosperity: Let our successors never slacken or "give under" in their fight with temptations and difficulties. Let them improve every opportunity that may present itself, so that they may become great

and noble. Let them "get what they can, and what they get, hold; 'tis the stone that will turn all their lead into gold."

Sixth, we consign to Darkness and Oblivion all our mistakes, errors, and faults, to be kept inviolate forever away from all pupils, wherever they may be found.

*Witness our hands and seals this*

*18th day of March, 1908.*

THE CLASS OF 1908.

*Witnesses.*—LIZZIE PETTY.

VIRGINIA OGBURN.

HELEN RUSSELL.



## Jamque Vale

---

To the human mind everything has an end. Our joys, our sorrows, our griefs, our memories, are measured by the time they shall endure. In our school life we have always looked for the end. Now it has come, and we begin to measure our school life—what it has been to us. Only by faith our minds grasp the future and carry school life with us in fond memories. We fain would say to our schoolmates: "Hail, and Farewell."

With the mingled feelings of trepidation and of enthusiasm of early youth we saw the sunrise of our school life. The day has been long, for many clouds have passed to obscure the light. But now it is clear and the time of sunset is at hand. What a glorious sunset it is for us! We linger gazing upon its beauty and splendor, thinking little of the morrow, which must be so different for us.

The school bell's call for us is o'er,  
Far away soon we'll be;  
We're going, to return no more,  
Devoted classmates, three.  
On Life's exacting battleground  
The struggle must be won;  
While mem'ry holds, with laurel crowned,  
Our school days' setting sun.

CLASS OF 1908.





# ADVERTISEMENTS

# WHITTET AND SHEPPERSON

*Job Printers*



*Book and Commercial  
Printing & Engraving.*

*High Grade College  
Catalogues and  
Advertising Literature  
Carefully Executed.*



11-15 N. Eighth St.      RICHMOND, VA.

## W. E. EUBANK & CO.

*General Merchants*





Heavy and Fancy Groceries  
Shoes, Notions, Staple  
Dry Goods, Tobacco, Etc.



CHASE CITY, VIRGINIA

# DANIEL HARDWARE CO.

 South Hill, Virginia 

---

**W**HY not buy your hardware from a firm that appreciates your trade and is ready to help **Neighborhood Enterprises**, instead of sending money to Catalogue Houses.

**¶** *We will meet any prices made you by any Catalogue House on their terms.*

---

*Buggies, Wagons and Farm Machinery*

---

## *Complete Harness Service*

---

---

*Nothing your horse wears except the shoes is  
lacking here ¶ Come and see why good  
horsemen think there is no one like us  
for Good Harness ¶ We don't  
ask you to judge from a  
picture, but from the  
HARNESS  
ITSELF*

*REPAIRING A SPECIALTY*

---

**M. A. CHALKLEY & COMPANY**  
SOUTH HILL, VIRGINIA

# *Ready for You*

---

Misses Annie E. Bugg and Fannie Lucy Ogburn, after spending four weeks in the swell work-rooms of the millinery departments of Baltimore, have returned with the

*Largest and  
Most Complete  
Line of Millinery*



we have ever handled. Mr. Wall and his son have just returned also and are followed by a large and well assorted stock of Ladies' Dress Goods and Furnishings.

---

## *Our Stock of Clothing*

is complete, while our stock of W. L. Douglas, Crosset, Ziegler Bros. and famous Goodman Ladies' and Men's Shoes is not surpassed by any one. We thank our friends for their liberal past patronage and respectfully ask an inspection of our stock, feeling sure that your good judgment will convince you we are headquarters for quality and prices.

---

## *J. H. Wall & Son*

*J. A. WINTFIELD, Chase City, Va.*

**Tonsorial Artist**

*First Established Barber Shop in Mecklenburg County*

*W. A. BROOCKS, Chase City, Va.*

**Dry Goods Emporium**


*Ladies Dress Goods a Specialty :: Millinery*

***South Hill Horse Exchange***

**SOUTH HILL, VA.**

**[ *Well selected Stock of Mules and Horses*  
*Always on Hand & At Right Prices!* ]**

***Chas. E. Friend***  
***Drug Co.***

 *Prescriptions Filled by*  
*Registered Pharmacist*

*South Hill, Va.*

**SEEDS, PAINTS AND OILS**

**H. L. PETTY, Notary Public** *(With Seal)*

**DEALER IN** *Horses and Mules*

*North View, Va.*

*"Tysor & Jones" Buggies*

***F*URNITURE DEALERS**  
***U*NERAL DIRECTORS**

*Fine Hearse and Team* **and EMBALMERS**

**ELAM-CURRIN FURNITURE CO., South Hill, Va.**

# N. BOHANNON

*Jeweler*

DEALER IN PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING  
MACHINES AND BICYCLES

*Chase City, Virginia*



## COMPLETE HARNESS SERVICE

Nothing your horse wears except shoes is lacking here. ¶ Come and see why good horsemen think there is no one like us for Harness. ¶ We do not ask you to judge from a "picture" but the harness itself. ¶ Repairing a specialty. ¶

M. A. CHALKLEY & Co.  
South Hill, Virginia

J. A. SMITH

L. D. JONES

## Smith-Jones Clothing Company

LEADERS IN

Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Hats  
Caps and Shoes

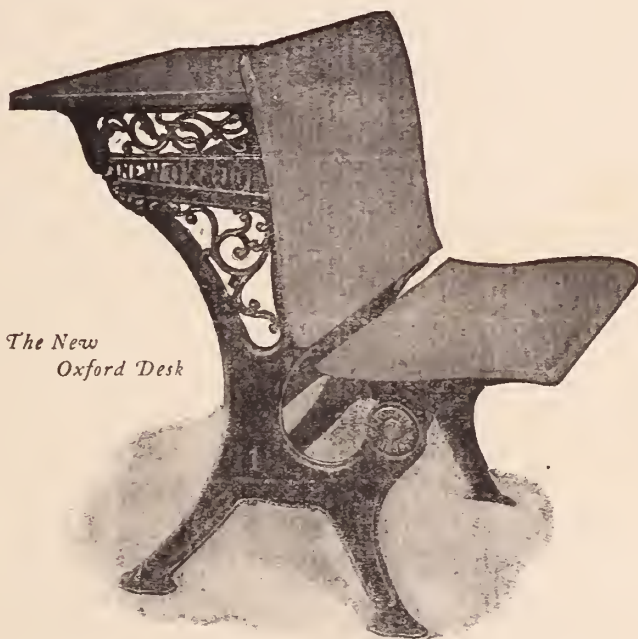
South Hill, - - Virginia

# Virginia School Supply Co.

No. 210 N. EIGHTH ST. **C**, P. O. Box 179 **C**, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

**C**, *Awarded by the Virginia State Board of Education the exclusive contract for furnishing School Desks and Recitation Seats to the Public Schools of Virginia until*

*MAY 29th, 1909*



*The New  
Oxford Desk*

---

**VIRGOPLATE BLACKBOARDS**—The best and only manufactured Blackboards that will never become slick.

**Old Dominion Dustless Crayons, Maps, Globes, Charts, School Clocks, Wire Window Guards, Etc., Etc.**

*The Largest School Supply House in the South*

**Best Quality**

**Quick Shipments**

**Low Prices**



## *Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Co.*

*MACK PRITCHETT, Local Agent, South Hill, Va.*

**C** *Annual dividend with the second premium* **C** *It will pay you to see my rates and dividend scale before insuring* ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

## *Bryson & Pritchett Fire Insurance Agency* SOUTH HILL, VA.

Country dwellings, stores, mercantile stocks, stables and feeds a specialty.

If in need of fire insurance write us and we will always give the promptest attention.

MRS. J. L. ROBERTS, Boynton, Virginia

**Newest Styles of Millinery**

**C** *Very Best Goods*

**C** *Prices Interesting*

J. A. Holmes

R. E. Yancey

Geo. F. Groves

## PLANTERS' WAREHOUSE

**C** *For sale of both bright and dark leaf tobacco* **C** *Leaders in both quantity and averages of any houses in the county* **C** *Come to see us*

*Yours truly,* HOLMES, YANCEY & GROVES, South Hill, Va.

GO TO

S. B. JOHNSON & SON, North View, Va.

*For general repairing of Buggies, Carriages, Wagons and  
Farming Implements of all kinds*

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES ❖ REASONABLE PRICES ❖ COFFINS AND CASKETS

AGENTS FOR TOMBSTONES AND MONUMENTS

C. T. BASKERVILL

*Attorney-at-Law*

BOYNTON, VA.

J. S. DORTCH

R. E. YANCEY

*J. S. Dortch & Co.*  
*South Hill, Virginia*



We Carry a Complete Line of  
Coffins, Caskets, and all Undertaker's  
Supplies

Nice hearse. Good quiet team at your service.

Mr. R. E. Yancey, of the firm, has had fifteen  
years experience in the business.

*Quality and Prices Guaranteed.*



---

R. E. Yancey's Department Store

SOUTH HILL, VA.

*Gent's and Ladies' Head to Foot Outfitters*

*Headquarters for Styles and Quality  
in Millinery, Dress Goods, Etc.* 

*Handles the celebrated lines of Walkover Shoes  
for Gentlemen, Queen Quality for Ladies,  
and Schloss Bros. line of Clothing  
for Gentlemen.*  

RIGHT PRICES AND HONEST DEALING OUR MOTTO.

  WILL BE GLAD TO SERVE YOU  

*A. L. OGBURN,*

*NORTH VIEW, VA.*

DEALER IN

*GENERAL MERCHANDISE*

*Fine Stock Hats, Boots and Shoes*

---

*DRY GOODS*

*Unsurpassed in Quality and Price*

---

*Stationery and Public School Books*

---

*Guano at right prices*

---

*Flues (in season) made to order*

---

*GRIST MILL*

*(Run by Motor)*

*Meal and Chops, equal to any ground by water power*

COUNTRY PRODUCE AT HIGHEST MARKET  
PRICE TAKEN IN TRADE



YOU are invited to make your headquarters at

## HARDY & COMPANY'S

*Dealers in  
General  
Merchandise*

*"The People's Store"*

CHASE CITY, VA.



QUEEN QUALITY AND WALKOVER SHOES SPECIALTIES

## *B*ANK of SOUTH HILL... *South Hill, Va.*

 *Accounts Solicited*

*Capital, - - \$15,000.00*

*Surplus, - - \$13,500.00*

*Cool, Pleasant Shaving*

*Hair Cutting in Latest Style*

### *J. T. TRUITT*

*Tonsorial Artist*

*SOUTH HILL*

*VIRGINIA*

## R. J. MARTIN, Jeweler *and* Optician

SOUTH HILL, VIRGINIA

*Edison Phonographs*



*Edison Records* 

REPAIR WORK A SPECIALTY

# R.H.&M.E.Johnson

## *General Merchants*

We Stock and Sell Everything Usually Sold in a  
First-Class General Store

---

High Quality and Low Price go hand in hand in  
our store

---

Quality and Price are only two of the many claims  
we hold on your patronage

---

We desire to call your especial attention to our  
High Grade Clothing, Hats, Gent's  
Furnishings and Shoes

---

We carry in our Shoe Department several factory  
lines, among them, the famous W. L.  
Douglas Shoe Co.'s "Gilt Edge"  
line for Gentlemen and  
Ladies

---

If you want the best all-round shoe for yourself or  
school children, try our "Faultless" line  
combining strength, neatness  
and durability

---

Every Pair Guaranteed all Solid Leather.  
Remember the Name, "Faultless."

*Wightman, Virginia*













